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The Man and the Mob.

Thousands of dollars' worth of property in Akron, O., lies in ruins.

Simply because a number of presumably sane men chose to sink their individuality and become atoms of that insane monster known as a Mob.

We have cultivated the individual down to a fine point, and we mark with pride the forward strides he has made during the recent centuries.

But merge the individual into the Mass; then anger him, and the result is a Mob, not so very far advanced in culture beyond that which burned the art treasures of ancient Rome and Alexandria.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

LOCATING WEAK POLITICAL DISTRICTS.

By

JOHN A. MASON.

Secretary Democratic State Committee.

PERSONS not familiar with the management of a political campaign often ask how the leaders know so accurately where to locate the weak spots throughout State or country.

As a matter of fact, a campaign is conducted like a large business.

The met, or both parties depend on reports of committeemen for the feeling in different sections. They in turn receive figures from local politicians. When the accounts reach headquarters they contain fairly correct estimates of what actual conditions are in that particular locality.

Of course the more reports are not all. There are men who belong to the party who have neither time nor inclination to use their influence among their fellows. These men have to be seen and shown the importance of hard work as an essential to campaign success.

There are different sections of the country devoted to different policies. It is the manager's business to plant his forces where they will be the most effective for his party's good.

As a business house sends out its drummers to the Campaign Committee depends on its representatives for statements showing strong and weak spots in the political field.

It often happens that judicious application of energy to districts which appear doubtful turns them the right way.

Thus the knowledge of weak places is absolutely necessary to headquarters. There must be a maximum of effort and a minimum of apathy. The doubtful districts in the political horizon must be won over and replaced by strong ones. Enthusiasm and hard work are synonymous in a political campaign. It is necessary to encourage them in those parts of the country where they do not exist—for the party in question.

It is for this reason as well as for the forecast of results that the weak places are so carefully sought out.

LITERARY PRESCRIPTIONS.

For clearness read Macaulay.
For logic read Burke and Bacon.
For action read Homer and Scott.
For eloquence read Bacon and Pope.
For sublimity of conception read Milton.
For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.
For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.
For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.
For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.
For simplicity read Burns, Whitman and Bryant.
For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.
For interest in common things read Jane Austen.
For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes, Rabelais and Mark Twain.
For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson.
For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.
For living and patient observation of nature read Thoreau, Burroughs and Walton.

Vitality of Plant Life

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

No. 6

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MESSENGER BOY; OR, THE MISADVENTURES OF SHORTY M'NABB.—By FERDINAND G. LONG.

A NEW
AND FUNNY
CREATION



Laura Jean Libbey



PERIL OF CHANCE

ACQUAINTANCE
(Copyright by the World Publishing Company)

"TWO YOUNG GIRLS" ask

"Is there any harm in a young lady permitting a gentleman whom she met at the sea shore, and to whom she has not been formally introduced, to see her home?"

Kindly answer through The Evening World.

My dears, there are few graver follies committed by the thoughtless and heedless than forming the acquaintance of strangers in the way you describe. Unfortunately, men are not labeled. Informing the world at large, women in particular, of their calling.

The handsome, debonair, well-dressed, agreeable young man may be the daring thief who broke into the house on your block last year, or the highway man who held up your next door neighbor only the month before, leaving him for dead on the pavement from a blow from a concealed, murderous pair of brass knuckles which he usually carries with him.

Or he may be an escaped convict who has just broken his way out of some prison asylum.

Such people have a peculiar aptitude for making the acquaintance of young girls wherever they come across them, and talk and behave so rationally that their real condition is not discovered until some terrible deed has been accomplished by them.

When will women learn to beware of strangers? I often wonder!

The woman who allows a stranger to approach and enter into conversation with her and accompany her home runs the risk of her life. I use the words advisedly. She runs the risk of her precious life, for many an instance has been cited in the daily press where just such gentlemanly appearing, well-dressed, picked-up acquaintances have murdered their foolish, too trusting woman companion for a ring she wore upon her finger or a five-dollar note which they carried in her purse.

My dears, acquaintances can be made only in one way to feel sure that they are what they represent themselves to be, and what their general appearance indicates, and that is by the good old-fashioned introduction by some mutual friend who can vouch for the integrity of the young man.

When you step aside from this wise course you are the girl who will flirt with and talk to a stranger honorable young man whom, if they are looking for a wife.

Remember that.

Be too honorable to pick up acquaintances, my dears.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

COST OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
THE public buildings of the United States have cost, since the foundation of the Government, exclusive of the buildings in Washington, and those employed by the army and navy, \$14,775,394. Of this the sites have cost \$2,551,441, and there remains \$12,223,953 to be expended on these buildings before they are completed.

A PICTURESQUE PROCK.



A charming late summer gown composed of pearl colored tulle with sprigs of delicate green. A tight-fitting velvet bodice of dark green, which is made without sleeves and finished by a muslin bolero. The gimp is of lace and tucked muslin, and sleeves of the same material as the skirt.

WHEN THESE YOU SPY, YOUR BLUES WILL FLY.

A SUMMER RHAPSODY.



"Isn't this simply heavenly! Here we are all bathing together!" Moonshine.

A WOMAN OF SCOPE.

"I don't have to urge my wife to keep posted on what goes on in politics."

"You don't?"

"No. Family rows and neighborhood disturbances don't begin to satisfy her."

IN FOR IT.

"Yes, poor Henrietta's home life is very disagreeable."

"Why doesn't he stay away from home, then?"

"His wife won't let him."

A CANNIBAL CIVILIZED.



London is his name, and he is a native of the cannibal, Fiji Islands. Though he has eaten human flesh in his time, London is now a Christian. He has described in the Volunteer (Jan. at San Jose, Cal., how his tribe cooks its unfortunate victims.

"We dig big holes," said he, "and make big fires. We cut off heads. And lay body on hot stones. Do you know good eat? Varry nice and juicy."

Missionaries say eating of human flesh is a Fiji religious ceremony.

Despite the efforts of missionaries and other civilizing influences, the eating of human flesh is by no means extinct. In some tribes the custom is followed because it is believed that the diners thus absorb the courage of the eaten man. In other tribes cannibalism is simply a luxury. Human flesh is said to taste like pork. The flesh of Chinamen is preferred to that of Caucasians, as the former eat no salt with their food, thus saving their own flesh from the saline taint of the white man's.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

THINGS to be careful of—health, reputation, money.

One of the highest compliments a man can pay a woman is to ask her advice.

To prevent sunstroke hats should be lined with red or orange colored material.

It is a great thing to have ability, but it is no small thing to have opportunity.

Wrinkling, it is said, is one of the best methods of preventing wrinkles about the mouth.

The most trying people in the world are those who have seen better days and are determined that they shall never forget it.

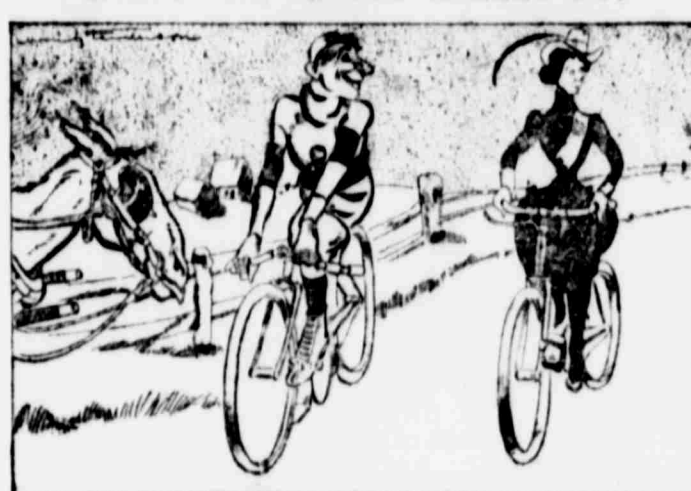
Women may be great bargain-hunters, but how about the rash of men when neckties and shirts are marked down for the Summer clearance sale?

One freckle on the chin of the Summer girl means one proposal before the season is over; a freckle in the middle of the forehead signifies that the possessor will be married before Christmas.

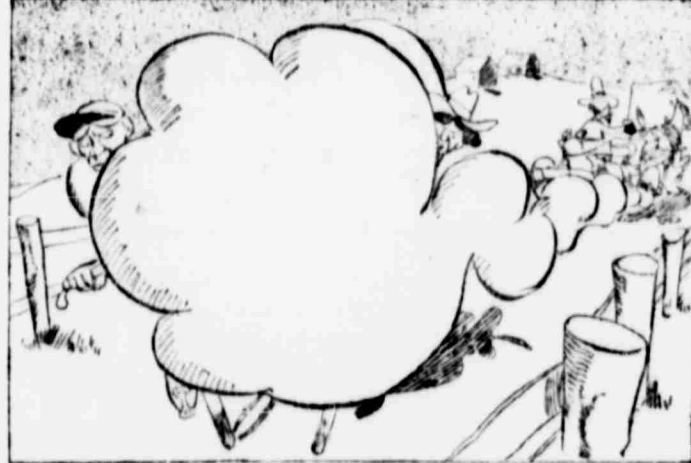
REQUIREMENT OF HEALTH.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are: Good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest.

WHILE THE CLOUDS ROLLED BY.



She—Isn't the scenery delightful?
He—Yes, indeed, and—



The air is so clear, bracing and invigorating.

A PROVED CHARGE.



Henrietta—Florence de Style is living above her station.
Louise—Really?
Henrietta—Yes. She lives in West One Hundred and Sixth street and the station is at One Hundred and Fourth.

HE WAS THE MAN.

Bess—They say Maud Goody kissed a man at the Jones's lawn party the other night.
Jack—That's true.
Bess—How do you know?
Jack—I had it from her own lips.

FIRST OF THE FASTERS.



Dr. H. C. Tanner, as he appears at the present day.

Dr. H. C. Tanner twenty years ago amazed the world by abstaining from food for forty days. Since that time he has apparently dropped from public notice. He lives in Detroit, where he is a practicing physician. He is now past middle age, but strong and vigorous.

A FLABBY COMPLIMENT.

The greatest compliment that can be paid to a Brazilian lady, it is said, is to tell her that she grows fatter and fatter every day.

IMMORTAL.

ONE we have loved we never lose. That is not love which can forget. Through loss and loneliness and grief this gem is as its coronet. That true love never can forget. That is not faith which drops its hold. Once we have trusted, in our clasp forever lies life's changeless gold. Nor ebbeth in our loosened grasp. True faith through all time keeps its clasp. —Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.



THE DAY'S LOVE STORY

Unprofessional Remedy

THE operation promised to be quite successful. Viewed as an operation simply, and yet the great surgeon did not look entirely satisfied as he removed his operating garments and made ready to depart. The eyes of the nurse who had waited upon him gleamed with professional satisfaction as they regarded the work of the morning, but they grew troubled as they fell upon the patient. She bent over and laid her ear against the faintly beating heart.

"She is sinking, doctor," she said. The great specialist turned back from the door he was just passing through and came up to the bedside. The young surgeon who had been assisting him, and who had made easily stepped aside as the patient was brought into the operating room and prepared for the anæsthetic which was to be administered, became as pale as his operating apron.

"She must be stimulated quickly," he told the assistant, "and she must be reminded of the highest possible incentive to live which you can think of as soon as she becomes conscious."

"She has no incentive to live," the nurse told the younger surgeon, as the great man hastened off to the waiting apartment which he could defer no longer. "She told me this morning that she is all alone in the world; that she would be rather glad to die than otherwise, and that she only consented to undergo the operation at all because she considers it the duty of every one to make all reasonable efforts to prolong life. She hinted at an unhappy love affair; she concluded as they worked over the patient together, 'and said that when the accident which necessitated this operation happened she had hoped that it was all over with her, young as she was.'"

The young surgeon made no reply, and the nurse, fearing that he thought her forward or unprofessional, blushed scarlet as she bent over the patient.

When the eyelids of the fainting woman began to flicker a little the doctor moved so that the eyes they should fall upon no one but the nurse.

"What do you mean by fainting, Miss Stanley?" exclaimed the nurse, in her cheery, most professional accents, as the wide eyes opened fully. "Don't you know that every time you faint it weakens you a little, and that you've got to grow stronger, instead of weaker, if you want to live?"

"I don't want to live, not really," whispered back the patient, weakly. "I don't care whether I live or not. I suppose I've got to try to get better, because

It seems to be my duty but I'm too tired to feel like trying hard. What have I got to live for? she finished to herself, the faint voice trailing off into a scarcely audible murmur.

The young surgeon stepped out from behind the bed-head and took firm hold of the little patient's hands.

"Live for me, Margaret," he said intensely. "I was a fool to be jealous of you, to doubt your love and goodness, even for a second. I haven't known a happier or a peaceful moment since we parted. I thought my heart would break when I learned that you had been run over and so nearly killed, and it almost stopped beating when you were carried in this morning. Forgive me, Margaret, and live for my sake. We'll prove how good and happy life can be together yet."

The nurse had slipped out of the room for a moment, and they were quite alone. He stooped and kissed her lips. The little patient was still too near to the mysterious realms of unconsciousness to be astonished at anything that happened, and she took the happiness quite simply. When the nurse returned she was sleeping like a baby, one frail little hand clasped in that of the young surgeon, and when the great surgeon stopped at her bedside the next morning her eyes were already bright with the hope of returning health.

"What's this I hear about your fainting yesterday?" he cried, in cheery professional reproach. "Don't you know that such unreasonable conduct retards your recovery, my dear young lady, and don't you want to get well quickly?"

"Indeed I do, doctor," came the patient's instantaneous reply. "I've so much to live for."

And the nurse, although she maintained a discreet, professional impassivity of attitude and facial expression, found it difficult to repress a sympathetic smile.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

100,713 (Census of 1890).
Please let me know how many inhabitants Denver, Col., has.
ANXIOUS.

A Is Correct.
A bets we are now living in the nineteenth century. It bets we are in the twentieth. Which wins?
A. B.

Not Necessarily.
I am a native-born American. In order for me to be eligible for the Presidency must my father also have been born in America? MORRIS FISHER.

Cooper Union.
Where can I learn to speak Spanish for nothing?
H. P. P.

Yes.
Can a Catholic be President of the United States if elected?
O. G.

Damrosch's People's Choral Union.
Will you kindly inform me where I can get instruction in singing free of charge?
Mrs. MINNIE GRAHAM.

Take Hunt Near Burger Office. No Charge.
How can I get to Governor's Island? What is the fare?
CONSTANT.

621,650 (Census of 1890).
What is the population of the city of London, England?
M. SIMON.

C. Fulforth, 153, Second.
Who holds the record for running the bases, and what is his record?
B. D. B.

LOVE WAITED FORTY-THREE YEARS.

THE GIRL CHARLES HANKE WAITED FOR 40 MANY YEARS.

For forty-three years Charles Hanke waited to claim Harriet Henley as his wife. She died a fortnight before the date set for her wedding in February, 1899. A few days after her lover was laid beside her. He proposed to her first in 1857, but household calls prevented her acceptance.

Harriet Henley was born in 1857, and she died in 1899. She was 42 years old when she died. She was 43 years old when she died.

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